MEMORANDA ON THE LIFE OF LINCOLN.

A Word from England on Lincoln.

THE inclosed lines on the assassination of President Lincoln, written in 1865, and now extracted from a longer poem, never published, are respectfully submitted to the notice of THE CENTURY.

As the history of this remarkable man, which has been such an engrossing feature of the magazine, is drawing to a close, the verses are offered as a small tribute at the base of his great memorial.

Should the lines be not suitable, kindly accept this note as a compliment to the magazine and to the able authors, Messrs. Nicolay and Hay, who have given to the world such a graphic account of the most momentous events of our time.

Before this work came out we could only partially judge the character of Lincoln by his public acts in the struggle with the South; but now that the curtain is withdrawn, and the chief actors in this mighty drama stand with all their great and little attributes unveiled, we marvel at the greatness, the magnanimity, the moral and mental strength, that enabled him to contend with the fierce factions of the North. The nearest historical parallel — or, rather, historical contrast — with Lincoln in this particular is our own Cromwell. He sank beneath the surging waves of faction into despotism; personally successful, but politically ruinous to the cause he had fought for. But the fiercer and madder the storms of faction surge at the feet of the great President, the firmer he stands, the higher he ascends, in the majestic might of constitutional rectitude. The contest with the Southern rebellion could be relegated to generals and armies, but the struggle with the factions of the North — with treason, sedition, conspiracy, and open rebellion, with their million-tongued rumors and denunciations — could not be so relegated. With this bewildering hydra he had almost singly and personally to contend; for nearly every eminent man of the North, with whom he had of necessity to associate, was afflicted with hobby-madness — each one pulling and tugging to compel *his master* to mount and ride to his direction. This mighty struggle, this tremendous tension of a human mind, was, as before hinted, but dimly comprehended until the fine revelation of the book cleared our vision. The book more than exhibits, it more than sculptures, it revivifies, the great President.

To Lincoln was allotted the noblest mission that Heaven ever allotted to man. It was more than the mere freeing of a feeble race: it was the liberation of the dominant and pioneer race of civilization; it was the fixing of the keystone to the great arch of human progress. Until that stone was fixed there was danger; once fixed, the bold can march over without danger, and the feeble follow without fear, in that grand march whose every step is a blessing to mankind.

LINCOLN, 1865.

WHAT dreadful rumor, hurtling o'er the sea,
Too monstrous for belief, assails our shore?
Men pause and question, Can such foul crime be?
Till lingering doubt may cling to hope no more.[1]
Not when great Cæsar weltered in his gore,
Nor since, in time, or circumstance, or place,
Hath crime so shook the World's great heart before.
O World! O World! of all thy records base,
Time wears no fouler scar on his crime-smitten face.

A king of men, inured to hardy toil,
Rose truly royal up the steeps of life,
Till Europe's monarchs seemed to dwarf the while
Beneath his greatness — great when traitors rife
Pierced deep his country's heart with treason-knife;
But greatest when victorious he stood,
Crowning with mercy freedom's greatest strife.
The world saw the new light of godlike good
Ere the assassin's hand shed his most precious blood.

Lament thy loss, sad sister of the West:
Not one, but many nations with thee weep;
Cherish thy martyr on thy wounded breast,
And lay him with thy Washington to sleep.
Earth holds no fitter sepulcher to keep
His royal heart — one of thy kings to be[2]
Who reign even from the grave; whose scepters sweep
More potent over human destiny
Than all ambition's pride and power and majesty.

Yet, yet rejoice that thou hadst such a son;
The mother of such a man should never sigh;
Could longer life a nobler cause have won?
Could longest age more gloriously die?
Oh! lift thy heart, thy mind, thy soul on high
With deep maternal pride, that from thy womb
Came such a son to scourge hell's foulest lie
Out of life's temple. Watchers by his tomb!
He is not there, but risen: that grave is slavery's doom.

Henry De Garrs.

66 ASHLAND ROAD, SHEFFIELD, ENGLAND, Nov. 17, 1889.

[1] The Atlantic telegraph was not in operation when the account of President Lincoln's assassination first arrived in England. The report was much doubted until subsequently confirmed.

[2] Washington won American independence, Lincoln won American liberty.

President Lincoln in Petersburg.

In all the descriptions which have been written of the memorable week in April, 1865,— just a quarter of a century ago,— which closed the War of the Rebellion, one important incident seems almost entirely to have escaped record — the visit of the great war President to the city of Petersburg on the morning after the evacuation. It is, perhaps, not surprising that this quiet scene should have been crowded out of notice by the tremendous events which immediately followed — the President's entry into Richmond the next day; the race between the two armies; the surrender at Appomattox; and the terrible tragedy at Washington a few days later, which turned the nation's shouts of victory into tears of sincerest sorrow. By far the fullest and best history which has been written of Abraham Lincoln passes it with a single sentence.[1] General Grant in his "Personal Memoirs"[2] mentions his interview with the President at Petersburg that morning, but his reference to the "deserted house" and quiet street apparently refers to an earlier stage of the visit. Certainly the General-in-Chief had very much more to think of that day than the writer, who has the added advantage of remembering some interesting details of the occurrence which the General did not notice or did not know.

It will be remembered that Petersburg and the strong works which made it the key to the rebel capital were evacuated on the night of Sunday, April 2. Less than two miles away, at Meade Station, on "Grant's Military Railroad," was the famous "rustic chapel" of the United States Christian Commission, used that evening as a hospital and filled with soldiers from the battlefields. It was long past midnight before we rested from our varied service of providing refreshment for the wounded, saying words of comfort to dying men, and writing out in our tent their last messages to the friends at home they would never see. Between two and three o'clock we were aroused by the blowing up of the rebel rams on the James, and saw from the hill near by the fierce shells of the Ninth Corps' artillery fiercely flying into the doomed city. At four o'clock we were there again, and heard at our front the exultant shouts of "the boys" and the significant strains of Yankee Doodle. A little later we — "Carleton," the war-correspondent and war-writer, was one of us — were "following the flag" over rebel abatis and through deserted magazines to the evacuated city. Not one Confederate soldier was left, and only one wearing the blue, who seemed to have been separated from his command and to be in a dazed condition, exclaiming, "We 've got into Petersburg, and got the flag up on the meetin'-house!" The flag proved to be on the venerable court-house, which we found filled with Union officers and soldiers. Clambering up a rude ladder of cleats on the wall, I reached the attic and groped through it to the belfry. In it was one lone Michigan soldier, proudly guarding the dear old flag he had hoisted there hours before — a matter of history which he had recorded with his name on the belfry blinds. There I left him, boiling over with enthusiasm; and I should be unable to say that he was not there still had I not, ten years afterwards, climbed up the same steps and found the belfry unguarded and the patriotic inscription gone.

Seeing, soon after, a body of soldiers halted in front of a fine old residence on Market street, we found its spacious piazza occupied by General Grant and staff, together with some of his corps commanders and, I think, Admiral Porter. Directly in front of the house, at the edge of the street, in the midst of the soldiers, sat President Lincoln upon his horse, about to depart. It was a beautiful picture as his tall form bent down to listen to a plain old man who had ventured in among the troops. Just then an officer on the piazza shouted, "Lincoln!" The President lifted his head, when the call was immediately changed, "*Captain* Lincoln," referring, of course, to Captain Robert T. Lincoln,[3] then a young man of twenty-one, now the United States Minister to England. I remember also that an old family slave was standing just inside the yard, and that I said to her, "Aunty, do you know who that old man is on the horse?" She replied negatively. "That is the man who made you free — Abraham Lincoln." Lifting her hands in grateful amazement, she exclaimed, "Lor' bress him! is dat Massa Linkum?"

A little later, as I stood by one of the pillars of the portico, an orderly hurried up with a despatch, which was handed to General Grant. After reading it he took the cigar from his mouth, and with the utmost coolness repeated the contents of the message to the officers around him — to the effect, as I recall it, that our troops were in possession of Richmond. This news apparently confirmed or modified his plan for the pursuit of Lee, for orders were quickly though quietly given, and in five minutes all had left in the direction of the fleeing army.

On Friday, April 7, as recorded in my diary, I called on several gentlemen, lay representatives of the prominent churches of the city, to ask whether it would be agreeable to them to have the delegates of the Christian Commission unite with them in the conduct of religious services on the coming Sabbath. The residence of one of the gentlemen[4] to whom I had been referred I found to be the very house where I had seen Lincoln and Grant on Monday. He was an elderly man of courtly bearing, and received me courteously. After the business matter had been arranged I remarked to him that he had been honored by a call from President Lincoln. "Yes, Mr. Lincoln called," he replied; and he went on to describe the incident. He said that he and Mr. Lincoln had been friends in the old Whig times, and that that was the occasion of the call. His son, a bright, handsome boy, saw Mr. Lincoln dismount from his horse and approach the house, and expostulated with his father, "You are not going to let that man come into the house!" The father replied, "I think it would not do to try to stop a man from coming in who has fifty thousand men at his back!" When Mr. Lincoln came in he accosted Mr. Wallace cordially, referred to their former acquaintance, and asked permission for General Grant and the gentlemen with him to sit on his piazza a few minutes, as they had had a long ride that morning. The host responded by repeating his conversation with the boy, which greatly pleased Mr. Lincoln.

Mr. Wallace was, I remember, particularly im-

1 The Century for December, 1889, p. 309.
2 Vol. II., p. 259.
3 The Century for December, 1889, p. 308.
4 Thomas Wallace, Esq.

pressed by the politeness of his guests — perhaps because in such striking contrast to the rudeness and barbarity which the Southern people had been told by their leaders characterized their Northern enemies. He said: "Your General Grant is certainly a very polite man. When I asked him to come into the parlor for his conference with Mr. Lincoln and his officers, he answered, 'Thank you, sir, but I am smoking.'"

ANDOVER, MASS. *C. C. Carpenter.*

Lincoln's Visit to Richmond.

IN their chapter on "Lincoln in Richmond" (see THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for December, 1889), Messrs. Nicolay and Hay summarize as follows the conflicting testimony in regard to the manner in which the President reached the fallen capital:

There is great vagueness and even contradiction about the details of the trip. Admiral Porter states that he carried the President in his flag-ship, the *Malvern*, until she grounded, when he transferred the party to his barge with a tugboat to tow it and a small detachment of marines on board. Another account states that the President proceeded in the steamer *River Queen* until the transfer to the barge; also that another transport, having a four-horse field wagon and a squadron of cavalry, followed for the service of the President. Still a third account states that the party went in the admiral's barge the whole distance, as affording greater safety against danger from any torpedoes which might not yet have been removed. The various accounts agree that obstructions, consisting of rows of piling, sunken hulks, and the debris of the destroyed Confederate vessels, were encountered, which only the tug and barge were able to pass.

Major Charles B. Penrose of the United States army writes to the editor of THE CENTURY that he was the only staff officer with Mr. Lincoln during that trip, having been sent by Secretary Stanton under the following order, which by the Secretary's mistake was dated March 24, instead of March 23, the day the presidential party left Washington:

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON CITY, March 24, 1865. CAPTAIN PENROSE: You will proceed with the steamer *River Queen*, having the President and Mrs. Lincoln and such persons on board as they may direct, from Washington to City Point, there remaining until the President desires to return to Washington, and will accompany them back. Your duty will be to see that the President and his family are properly supplied with every accommodation for their comfort and safety. You are authorized to make any needful requisitions upon officers of the Quartermaster and Commissary service, and will see that meals are provided and suitable attendance. You will report to the President and take his directions from time to time. Yours, etc., EDWIN M. STANTON, Secretary of War.

Captain Penrose prepared most of the despatches that were given to the press, for which reason he kept a skeleton diary from which to refresh his mind in narrating the experiences of those seventeen days. The entries relating directly to the visit to Richmond are the following, the words in brackets having been added to make the original more intelligible:

April 4th, Tuesday. Visit Richmond — Take *River Queen, Columbus*, with horses, *Malvern* and *Bat* — Reach obstructions at Drewry's Bluff — Go on in barge of Admiral Porter [towed at first by tug] — Admiral Farragut at the obstruction in the *Allison* [rebel flag-of-truce boat] — Tug aground — Proceed in twelve-oared barge — Land near Libby Prison — Captain Adams, Admiral Porter, myself, and Signal Officer [Lieutenant Clemmens] and the President, with ten sailors, march through the streets to General Weitzel's headquarters in Jeff. Davis's house — Stay all night on board *Malvern*.

April 5th, Wednesday. Leave by half-past nine — Towed in barge [by tug] — Row through Dutch Gap Canal about one hundred yards, four feet of water [in channel] — Tug thirty minutes in coming around — Visit rebel ram *Texas*, then in transit to Norfolk — A strong boat.

The *Bat* was their naval escort from Washington. After passing the pontoon bridge at Aikens Landing the captain of the *River Queen* requested Captain Penrose to ask the President to take a seat upon the upper deck, fearing they might run upon some of the torpedoes with which the river had been obstructed, and there would be less danger on the upper deck than on the lower. The captain of the boat and Captain Penrose took position in the bow of the boat to assist the lookout in discovering any obstructions which might endanger the vessel. In this way they steamed slowly up to Drewry's Bluff. It was the intention on the 4th of April to take through to Richmond all the boats enumerated in the notes, but at the obstructions they found the way blocked by the rebel boat *Allison*, on which Admiral Farragut had come down from Richmond to meet the President; Farragut, who was on leave of absence, had gone into Richmond with General Weitzel. Owing to some defect in the machinery, the *Allison* at the obstructions had swung across the opening in the piles, and was held in place by the current. A tug mentioned had been used at City Point to carry the President back and forth from the *River Queen*, and Mr. Lincoln had alluded to it as his "buggy." At the obstructions a guard of twenty or thirty marines was put aboard the tug. After the latter had passed through, the President insisted that the tug should assist the *Allison*; in doing so she got aground, which was the cause of their having to pull up to the city with oars. By night, however, the steamers had all arrived at Rockett's, and the cavalry, which had been intended originally as an escort to the President in the streets of Richmond, was posted as a guard at the head of the wharf.

The coming of the President on the 4th of April was so well known in Richmond that the "Whig" of that date announced: "We learn that it is not improbable his Excellency President Lincoln will reach the city this afternoon."

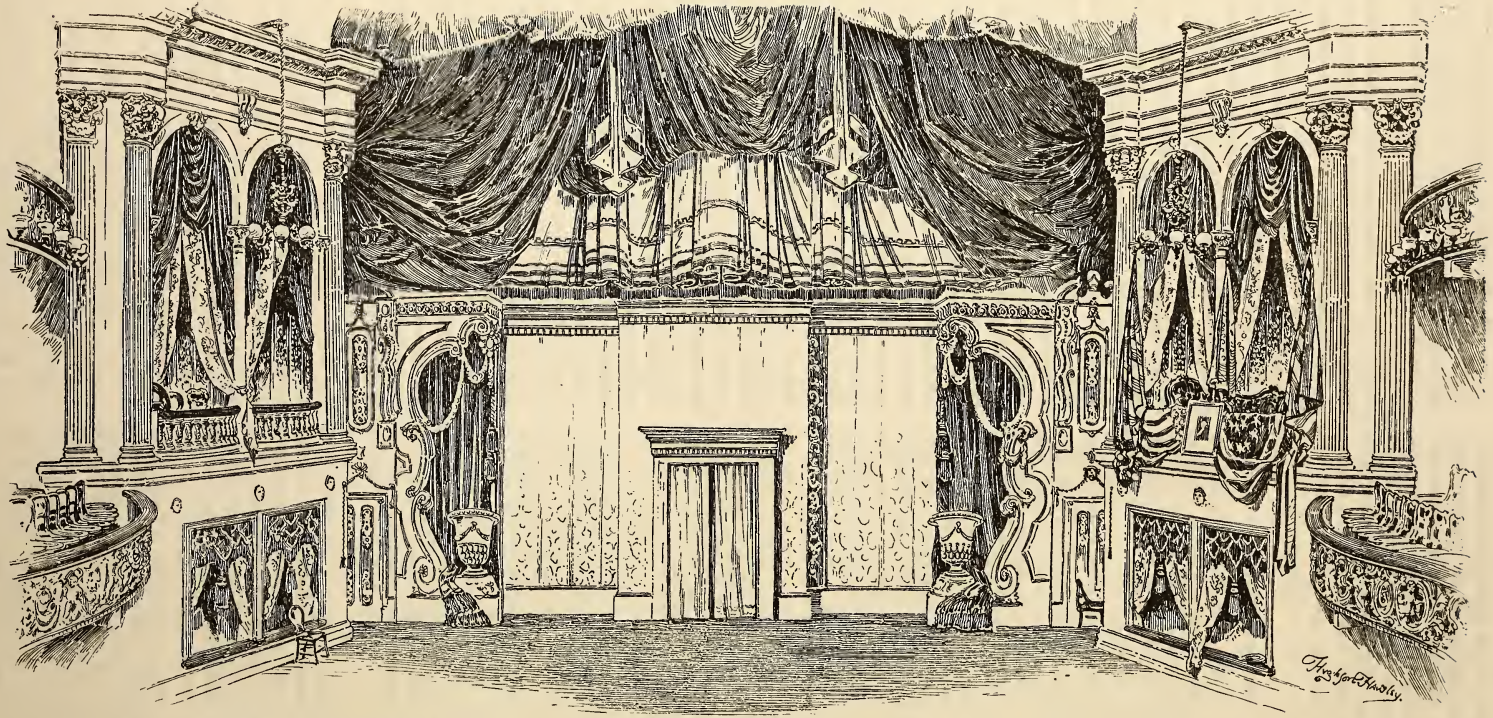
Major Penrose says he has often seen it stated that Mr. Lincoln was accompanied to Richmond by his young son Tad, when in fact he had returned to Washington with his mother on the day the army moved from City Point, and did not come back to the James River until the morning of the 6th of April, on which day the President, remaining at City Point, sent the *River Queen* back to Richmond with a party consisting of Mrs. Lincoln, Tad, Secretary James Harlan, wife and daughter, Attorney-General James Speed, Judge W. T. Otto, and Senator Charles Sumner.

After the assassination Major Penrose accompanied the remains of President Lincoln to Springfield as executive officer of the funeral train.

The Stars and Stripes in Richmond.

IN THE CENTURY for December, 1889, occurs the following in the Lincoln History:

A small detachment of white Union cavalry galloped into the late rebel capital, and proceeding directly to the State House raised the national flag over it.



STAGE AND PROSCENIUM BOXES OF FORD'S THEATER AS THEY APPEARED ON THE NIGHT OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S ASSASSINATION.

This drawing was made from two photographs by Brady, lent to the editor by Mr. W. R. Speare of Washington. One of the photographs (of the President's box, on the right), supposed to be the earlier of the two, differs from the other photograph (showing the stage and all the boxes) as regards the three silk flags, apparently regimental flags, fixed at the sides and middle column of the box. Mr. Joseph S. Sessford, at the time assistant treasurer of the theater, is authority for the statement that the second photograph (presented to Mr. Speare by Mr. L. Moxley) was taken three or four days after the assassination, when none of the decorations, except the regimental flags, had been removed. The portrait between the flags is an engraving of Washington.

And in a foot-note to this passage it is stated that

The flag was raised by a young officer named Johnston Livingston de Peyster, who had carried it at his saddle-bow for a week with this purpose.

The facts are as follows: Major Atherton H. Stevens, Jr., of the 4th Massachusetts Volunteer Cavalry, raised the first national flag over the State House in Richmond on the occasion referred to in the text. Major Stevens was the provost marshal of the Twenty-fifth Corps (colored troops), commanded by General Weitzel.

Major Stevens was that morning in command of the most advanced party of the Union army. It was to him the mayor surrendered the city in the first instance. After receiving the surrender Major Stevens galloped into town at the head of the "small detachment," and, ascending to the roof of the State House, hoisted two small national flags; in fact, the guidons of the squadron of the 4th Massachusetts Cavalry, which he commanded.

It was several hours after that before Lieutenant de Peyster came on the ground, in company with Weitzel's staff. This officer (Lieutenant de Peyster), accompanied by myself, went to the roof to hoist the flag brought by him. We found the guidons at the mast-head; these we lowered and replaced them with his flag, which was, by the way, I believe, the same one that had been first hoisted at Mobile on the capture of that city.

There was no personal risk whatever in raising the second flag, but at the time when the "small detachment" galloped in the streets were filled with disorderly characters, and the chances were thought to be many of a collision with them, or of a shot from an ambushed enemy. Therefore, whatever credit may be due to the officer who first raised the national flag over Richmond should be given to him ungrudgingly. That officer was Major Atherton H. Stevens, Jr., of the 4th Massachusetts Volunteer Cavalry.

Loomis L. Langdon,
Colonel First U. S. Artillery,
Late Chief of Artillery Twenty-fifth Army Corps.
San Francisco.

General Grant and the News of Mr. Lincoln's Death.

In the January article on Abraham Lincoln I find the statement that Mrs. Lincoln had asked General and Mrs. Grant to accompany her to the theater on the evening of the 14th of April, and that they had accepted, but had changed their minds and went North by an afternoon train.

General and Mrs. Grant had planned to visit their children at school at Burlington, New Jersey, and were to leave Washington on that day if the General could finish the business that then occupied him. Having completed it, he sent word to the President that he would not be at the theater. They took an evening train and reached Philadelphia after eleven o'clock.

During the early part of that year I was employed in the Philadelphia office of the American Telegraph Company as a messenger boy, and on that evening was assigned for duty after ten o'clock in the operating room to carry any messages requiring immediate delivery. I was engaged in conversation with a group of operators at half-past ten when at a call from the Washington instrument Mr. Porter, the operator at that table, left the group and began receiving a message. Several of the party went over to the table and listened while the instrument clicked off the message telling of the assassination of President Lincoln and the attempt on the life of Secretary Seward. The message read: "To General U. S. Grant, Philadelphia: President Lincoln was assassinated at Ford's Theater this evening, and an attempt was made on the life of Secretary Seward. It is supposed that there is a plot to assassinate all men prominent in the Government. Be careful who comes near you on the boat or train."

At that time all Washington trains arrived in Philadelphia at Broad street and Washington avenue, in the southwestern part of the city, and passengers for New York took a hack or stage from the depot to the ferry at the foot of Walnut street, a ride of about two miles, and crossing the Delaware River by boat to Camden there took the train and continued their journey. Mr. Porter and myself started for the ferry to deliver the message to the General, and on inquiring there learned that he had not yet arrived; but on going to the railroad telegraph office and sending a message of inquiry to the Broad street station, we found that he had left in a hack a few moments before for the ferry. We also were informed that he had sent word to Bloodgood's Hotel, close at hand, to have supper prepared, and we then went there to await him and give him the message. In a few moments we heard the noise of a carriage approaching which drew up at the door, and inside we saw the light of the General's cigar. His colored servant, who was with him, opened the door, and, assisting Mrs. Grant to alight, all passed hurriedly by us to the supper-room. On reaching the room and knocking at the door the General bade us come in. Mrs. Grant had seated herself on a settee against the wall and was engaged in removing her bonnet, while the General had drawn his chair up to the table and was about to sit down to his supper, but remained standing and reached out his hand for the message. As he read the words which bore such sorrow to the nation that night not a muscle of his face quivered or a line gave an indication of what he must have felt at that great crisis.

"It would be impossible for me to describe the feeling that overcame me at the news of these assassinations, more especially of the assassination of the President," he afterwards said, speaking of this moment.

Turning to Mrs. Grant, seated behind him, he handed her the message without a word. She could not have read more than a line or two before her feelings overcame her, and burying her face in her hands, she burst into tears.

It was now midnight, and messages were sent and received at the railroad telegraph office, close at hand, requesting the General to return to Washington at once and arranging about trains there and to Burlington and return; and after seeing him on the boat and receiving word from Camden that he had reached there safely and had left for Burlington, with an engine sent ahead of the train to guard against any danger on the track, we returned to our office, where we found demands for all our time and energies until dawn. Messages for the military, police, and detective departments of the city were received and delivered, and when, at 9 A. M., after a few hours' sleep, I again reported for duty, the change that had come over the city was one

never to be forgotten — a dreary April day, a city draped in mourning, and sorrow on every face. What a contrast to that bright day, less than two weeks before, when the news had flashed across the wires, "Richmond is taken," and the same flags, now draped with crape, had waved in the breeze, and the same people had crowded the streets and shouted and embraced each other in their delirium of joy.

BROOKLYN, N. Y. *Charles E. Bolles.*

At the Death-bed of President Lincoln.

SINCE the death of President Garfield the statement has been frequently published that I was the *only* eye-witness of the death of both the assassinated Presidents. This is true.

In a note on page 436 of THE CENTURY for January a list of "persons about the death-bed of the President" is given. As a statement of fact it is of small importance who were or who were not present; but the care and painstaking shown by the authors of

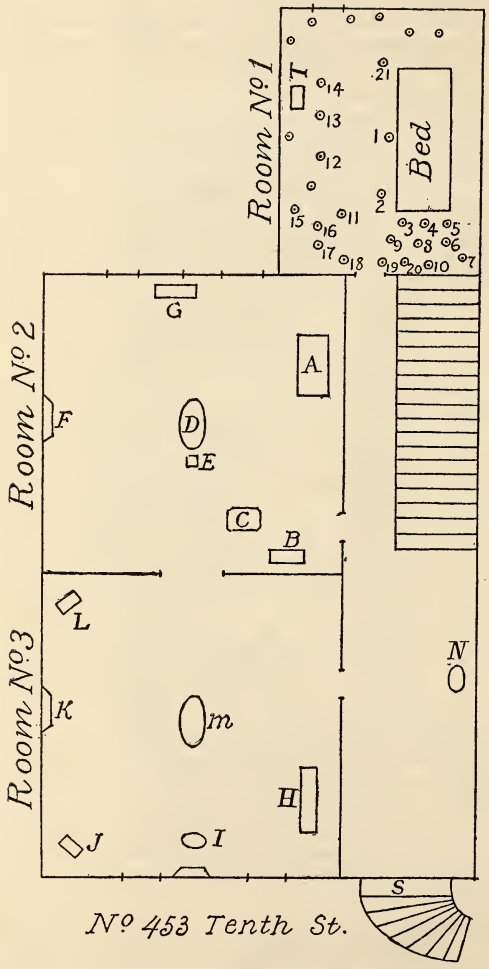


DIAGRAM OF THE HOUSE IN WHICH PRESIDENT LINCOLN DIED.

ROOM NO. 1.

The following indicates the position of persons present, when the Surgeon-General announced the death of the President at 7.22 A. M., April 15, 1865:

1. Surgeon-General Barnes (sitting on the side of the bed, holding the hand of the President).
2. Rev. Dr. Gurley.
3. Surgeon Crane (holding the President's head).
4. Robert Lincoln.
5. Senator Sumner.
6. Assistant Secretary M. B. Field.
7. Major John Hay, Private Secretary of the President.
8. Secretary Welles.
9. General Halleck.
10. Attorney-General Speed.
11. General Meigs (Quartermaster-General).
12. Secretary Usher.
13. Secretary Stanton.
14. Governor Dennison.
15. Major Thomas T. Eckert (Chief of Telegraph Corps at War Dep't).
16. Mrs. Kenney.
17. Miss Kenney.
18. Col. Thomas M. Vincent (War Dep't).
19. Col. L. H. Pelouze, "
20. Major A. F. Rockwell, "
21. Secretary Hugh McCulloch (occupied this position during the night, but was not present at the closing scene).

The few others noted were persons unknown to Colonel Rockwell. [Surgeon C. S. Taft, and Alexander Williamson (tutor at the White House) were among them.— EDITOR.]

ROOM NO. 2.

This room was used for the preliminary examination of witnesses. A stenographer was seated at the center table (*D*) from 12 to 8 in the morning. The Secretary (Stanton) wrote his despatches to General Dix (with lead pencil) at the same table (*C*).

A, Bed. *B*, Washstand. *C*, Table. *D*, Table. *E*, Chair. *F*, Fireplace. *G*, Dressing case.

ROOM NO. 3.

This room was occupied by Mrs. Lincoln, Robert Lincoln. and two or three friends.

Mrs. Lincoln occupied the sofa (*H*) through the night.

H, Sofa. *I*, Table. *J* and *L*, Etagères. *K*, Fireplace.

HALL.

Carpet covered with oilcloth, stained with drops of blood.

N, Hat Rack. *S*, Large blood spot on doorstep.

"Abraham Lincoln" to verify the smallest details, as well as the singular interest which the world, and especially posterity, accord to every incident connected with the life-endings of its greatest men, inspire this statement.

A short time after the President was shot, in obedience to an order of Secretary Stanton, with Colonels Vincent and Pelouze, I reported to him at No. 453 Tenth street, where the President had been taken. There I remained until the dead President was removed to the White House.

Immediately after, on reaching my office on the morning of April 15, 1865, I prepared the diagram and legend of which I inclose a true copy; the authenticity and value of which, I think, will require no evidence beyond its existence. There may have been others present who as fully realized the historical value of the incidents of that night; but certain it is I was so deeply impressed, that during the half-hour preceding the announcement of General Barnes, "The President is dead," I gave my most intense attention to the occurrences of which I made the careful record at the earliest moment on the morning of April 15. Of the twenty-one persons named by me seven at least are yet living, and were it of moment my record might be confirmed or corrected.

Inasmuch as the omission of my name challenges, by implication, the repeated publication of the fact of my presence, I request that you will bring the subject to the attention of Messrs. Nicolay and Hay, with a view to accuracy in their permanent record.

I recall an incident of interest. At the moment the death of the President was announced Mr. Stanton, who was standing at the place indicated in my diagram, with tears falling, his head bent, and chin supported by his left hand, with slow and measured movement, and right arm fully extended, raised his hat and placed it for an instant upon his head; then, in the same deliberate manner, removed it. I have often wondered whether it was an involuntary movement, or intended by him as a salutation to the great dead.

A. F. Rockwell, U. S. A.

St. Paul, Minn.

President Lincoln's Military Guard.

In the month of September, 1862, two companies of my regiment (Company D and Company K of the 150th Pennsylvania Volunteers, Bucktails) were detailed as a special guard at the President's summer residence at the Soldiers' Home, located about three miles from Washington, Captain H. W. Crotzer, now in the Mint at Philadelphia, commanding the former company, and Captain —— Derrickson the latter. A squad of cavalry (from what command I forget) regularly escorted the President's carriage every evening from the White House to the Soldiers' Home and back again every morning, while the two infantry companies named above kept the premises under heavy guard day and night. Late in the fall of the year, when the President took up his residence permanently in the White House for the winter, Company K, under command of Captain Derrickson, was detailed as a special guard for the Executive Mansion — a position held by this company until the close of the war. If the reader will be at the pains to consult Bates's "History of the Pennsylvania Volunteers," under the head of "The One Hundred and Fiftieth Regiment," he will there find a facsimile copy of a letter written by President Lincoln, as follows:

Executive Mansion, Washington, Nov. 1, 1862.
Whom it May Concern —

Captain Derrickson, with his company, has been for some time keeping guard at my residence, now at the Soldiers' Retreat. He and his company are very agreeable to me, and while it is deemed proper for any guard to remain none would be more satisfactory to me than Capt D.—— and his company. A. Lincoln.

H. M. Kieffer.

Easton, Pa.

Lincoln's Fame.

In the spring of 1873, being in Paris, and learning of the then newly established McAll Mission, I made myself somewhat familiar with its workings. Judge of my surprise when, on entering the little *salle* of the Rue Julien-La-Croix, Belleville, I saw on the wall above the speaker's platform a life-size print of Abraham Lincoln, with the well-known motto, "With malice toward none, with charity for all," etc. On visiting another *salle* the same portrait confronted me, and so in every one of the five halls, which were all that then existed of the nearly sevenscore in which the McAll Mission is now carried forward.

This seemed to me altogether inexplicable. Here was an Englishman carrying on an obscure mission among the sometime Communists of Paris, with no thought of appealing to the interest of Americans, no dream of American coöperation,— for I was the first from this country to set foot in one of the halls, and the American McAll Association was not founded until more than ten years later,— and in the place of honor in every hall hung the portrait of the martyr President of the United States. I could not but ask the reason why, and this was Mr. McAll's answer:

When I resolved to bring the Gospel to the defeated and desperate Communists of Paris, I asked myself where I should find that which should tell them at the first glance with what purpose and in what spirit I came. Mad against religion as they were, these Communists, who but a few weeks earlier had chained priests to a wall and shot them down by scores only a stone's throw from where our first hall was opened, a picture of our Saviour or a cross would have conveyed no idea of my meaning and would have simply exasperated them. And then I thought of Lincoln, and I knew that in him they would recognize the spirit and the motive of my coming.

This was nearly seventeen years ago. The McAll Mission no longer needs explanation or justification before the working people of France, and I am told that the portrait of Lincoln is not to be found in the large, new halls which have replaced the old ones which I learned to know so well. But where will you find a more significant tribute to Lincoln's fame?

L. S. H.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The Outlook for Wood-Engraving.

THE recent sale of proofs by the late Frederick Juengling, one of the most capable of American wood-engravers, would seem to indicate that the public interest in this branch of art has not suffered deterioration by reason of the widespread employment for illustrative purposes of the so-called actinic "processes," and that in general the popular taste for proofs of woodcuts may be depended upon by engravers as a new resource. While it cannot be said that at present the total amount of work done is sufficiently on the increase greatly to encourage new pupils to devote themselves to this branch of art, there are signs of a fuller appreciation of the best work of those who have made and are making wood-engraving, as a school, the chief distinction as yet of American art. This cannot fail to increase with the general growth and spread of the love of art, and one may confidently look forward to a commensurate increase of general excellence in the work produced. The Juengling sale, we believe, was the first auction of wood-engravers' proofs, as such, in this country, and when it is borne in mind that the proofs sold were not without duplicates, the prices paid (from $2 to $25, with an average price of $8) may be considered not only a marked compliment to the individual excellence of Mr. Juengling's work, but also a very gratifying result to the craft in general, a number of whom, in fact, have lately offered proofs for sale with considerable success. Moreover the public, through magazines, periodicals, and books, have been educated to an intelligent knowledge of wood-engraving, which one would think might be depended on to support a market for artists' proofs.

Another evidence in the same direction is to be found in the interest excited by the recent exhibition of American wood-engravings made at the Grolier Club in New York. Here were 259 proofs by 25 exhibitors — a thoroughly representative show of work. Its nucleus was the American contribution to the Paris Exposition, which won for American engravers enviable honors from the International Jury of Award of the Fine Arts section, including the first gold medal for wood-engraving for Mr. Elbridge Kingsley, and other honors for Messrs. Davis, Closson, Putnam, Aikman, Wolf, Kruell, and Davidson. Among the proofs shown were also Japan impressions of the superb *édition de luxe* of the Portfolio issued last year by the Society of American Wood-Engravers. Not only was the exhibition largely attended, but, as we write, we believe the entire collection, by request, is to be taken to Brooklyn, to Cincinnati, to Chicago, and to St. Louis. Already in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts and the National Museum at Washington, and in national expositions at New Orleans and Atlanta, have been shown in temporary collections examples of what has been done in this branch of art; the willingness of engravers to dispose of proofs suggests that now is an opportune time (while most of the men are yet living who have given a world-wide reputation to American engraving) for American museums to begin the systematic collection of a fuller historical exhibit of hand-proofs. We are sure that, where the proofs could not be found, the owners of the blocks would be glad to coöperate with art institutions in such a work, as far as might be practicable. Posterity should not be left to gather up in meager or incomplete examples the record of so marked an achievement.

Nor do we agree with those who think that wood-engraving in America has seen its best days, and is likely to be superseded by mechanical "processes." The nature of art is against such a conclusion. Moreover, while current periodical illustration has gained much by the various mechanical or actinic processes in vogue for the reproduction of photographs from nature, and for the reproduction of original pictures, the time still seems to be far distant when wood-engraving must retire in favor of "the process." The process is at its best in reproducing pen-drawings, though it sometimes lacks the delicacy of wood-engraving in that direction also. But while artists often prefer to suffer from the accidents of the process than from the dreaded lack of sympathy and knowledge of the individual wood-engraver, the fact remains that the engraver's art gives results that can be obtained only by the trained hand and the artistic temperament. One reason for this may be found in the fact that the process reduction of an original drawing or painting is not purely mechanical after all; the "touching up" of the plate by the process man is an interference between the artist and the public which may or may not be wisely and effectively and sympathetically conducted. Again, the mechanical reduction makes a new picture, with new problems of effect which the translator,— *i. e.*, the engraver,— if he understands his art, takes fully into consideration. Still, again, there is a satisfaction to the eye in an exquisite wood-engraving which is seldom if ever equaled by the result of any process.

The defects of mechanical agencies in the reproduction of the tones of a work of art are more manifest when one considers what would be the result of representing by any of the current processes such subtle and delicate originals as the Italian old masters upon which Mr. Cole is now engaged for THE CENTURY. The process can copy outlines, but it cannot interpret tones; it cannot think. How much of the beauty of these admirable cuts depends upon the temperament, the originality, the artistic skill, the "personal equation," so to speak, of the man behind the graver! Not a few other Americans have shown themselves capable of dealing successfully with similar tasks, and Mr. Cole's enterprise is the more remarkable simply because it is a systematic application of the services of one of the leading members of his craft to the education of the public in the qualities of the world's masterpieces, as they can be conveyed in black and white. It is fair to say that wood-engraving has not before been employed to a purpose of such lasting value. The success of the ex-